a club in the Clichy quarter of Paris, which was the center of royalist intrigue. Though no match in ability for their opponents, these men were quite clever enough to taunt the directors with their impotence to stop royalist agitations. Internal affairs were desperate. Suicides from starvation were sadly frequent among the officers of the navy, while their colleagues in the Army of Italy were not only growing rich on plunder, but defiant as well. The French commander in Italy had first made peace on his own terms, and had then declared war without consulting the chambers, thus not only annihilating friendly commonwealths, but evincing a contempt for the constitution, for the duly elected representatives of the people, and for the popular demand that there should be, not a particular, but a general pacification. On June twenty-third, 1797, in a memorable interpellation of the government by Dumor-lard, all these matters were thoroughly ventilated in the Five Hundred. Even Pontecoulant, Bonaparte's former protector, joined in the demand for an explanation. Paris and the country in general were left in a ferment. The disorders, murmurs, and menaces so rife in Paris had long given food for thought to the proconsul at Montebello. He was meditating upon constitutions and their values, while outwardly devoting himself to fascinating his little court and its visitors. He rode, he danced, he told weird tales at dusk, he played cards and cheated with merry effrontery; in the intervals he slept long and deep, as at irregular hours he worked titanically and efficiently. Was it to maintain the chaos in Paris that he was conquering, administering, negotiating? This he flatly asked of Miot de Melito and Melzi, as they narrate. The directors were meditating a state stroke, and they well knew that Bonaparte was less their man than they were his creatures, So they chose